

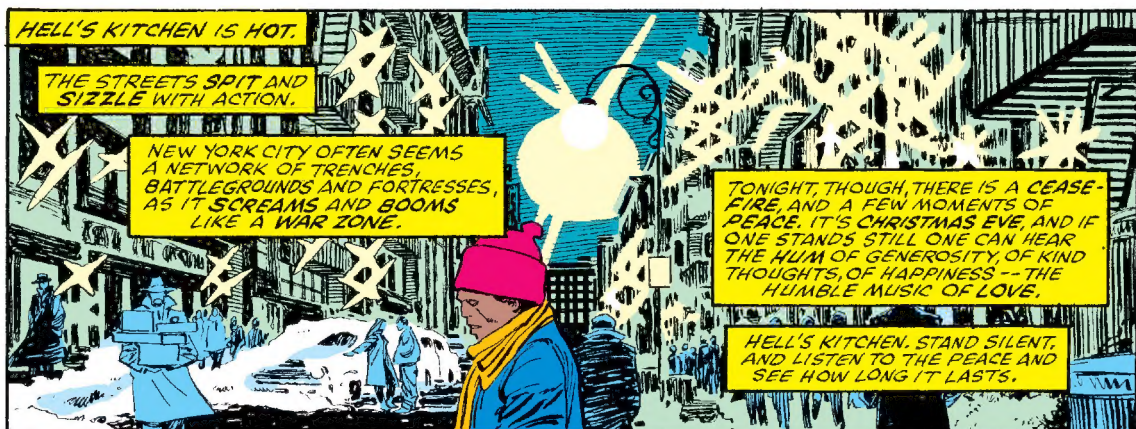


Merry Christmas
DAREDEVIL®

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COMICS
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HELL'S KITCHEN IS HOT.

THE STREETS SPIT AND
SIZZLE WITH ACTION.

NEW YORK CITY OFTEN SEEMS
A NETWORK OF TRENCHES,
BATTLEGROUND AND FORTRESSES,
AS IT SCREAMS AND BOOMS
LIKE A WAR ZONE.

TONIGHT, THOUGH, THERE IS A CEASE-
FIRE, AND A FEW MOMENTS OF
PEACE. IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE, AND IF
ONE STANDS STILL ONE CAN HEAR
THE HUM OF GENEROSITY, OF KIND
THOUGHTS, OF HAPPINESS -- THE
HUMBLE MUSIC OF LOVE.

HELL'S KITCHEN. STAND SILENT,
AND LISTEN TO THE PEACE AND
SEE HOW LONG IT LASTS.



YEE-HAA!
GIT DOWN,
SPIT!

LET'S BUST OUT SOME
CHEER, SPREAD SOME
JOY, MY MAN!

TIME TO TRASH THE FAMILY
UNIT, BABY! HAHAAHAHA

I HEAR WHAT'CHA
SAYIN', MA'MAN!

AN' JET? I LIKE
IT. DECK THE
HALLS, BABY.

MERRY CHRISTMAS,
KINGPIN!

by ANN NOCENTI
WRITER

JOHN ROMITA JR.
PENCILER

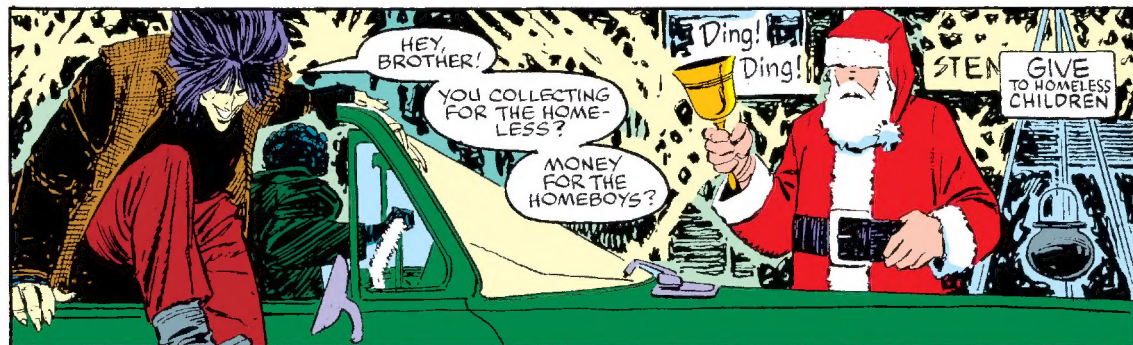
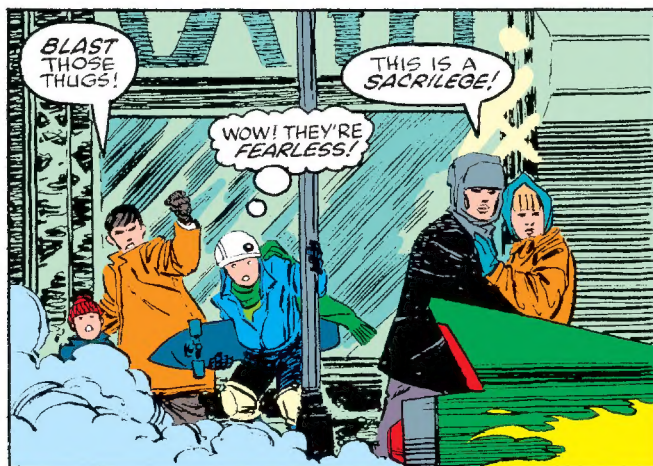
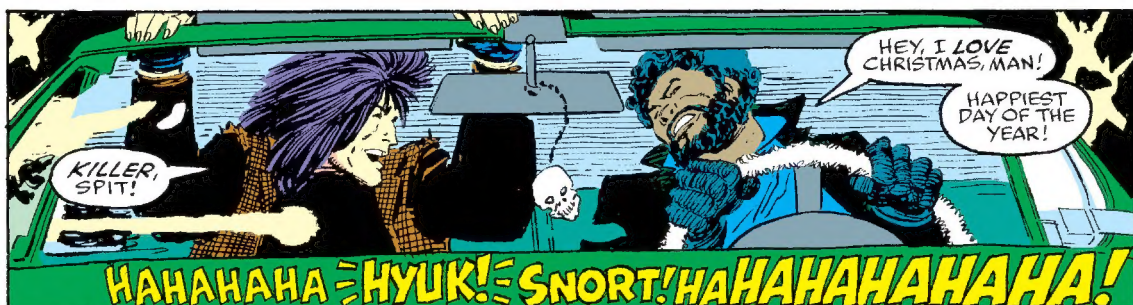
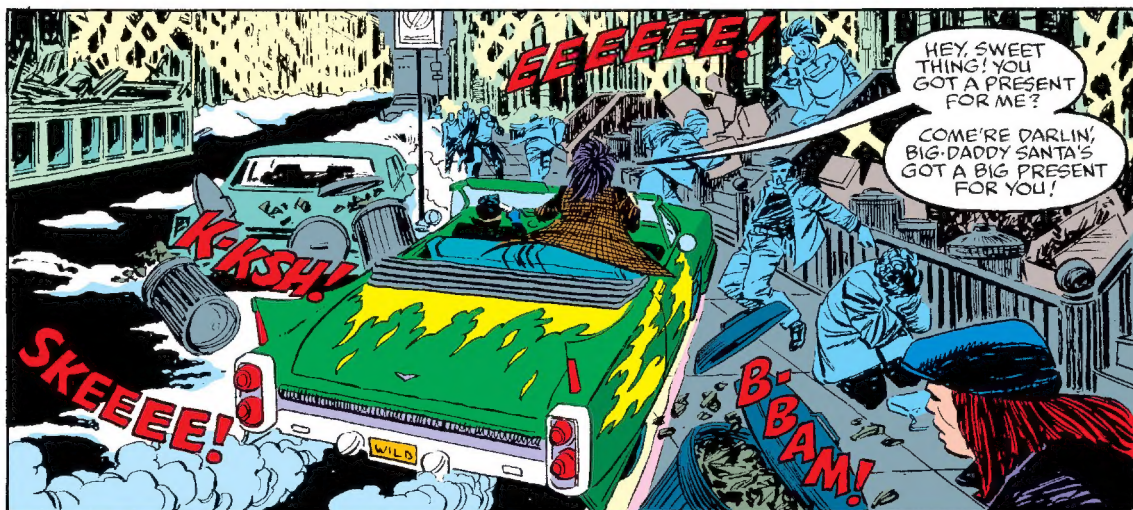
AL WILLIAMSON
INKER

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

MAX SCHEELER
COLORS

RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

TOM DEFALCO
EDITOR IN CHIEF





AND HIGH
ABOVE IT ALL...

...IS A BLIND-
MAN, BUT
THAT'S NEVER
STOPPED HIM
FROM SEEING.

HE'S THE
SELF-
APPOINTED
GUARDIAN
OF HELL'S
KITCHEN--

--DAREDEVIL!

NOBODY
TEARS UP
MY STREETS--
ESPECIALLY NOT
ON CHRISTMAS
EVE!

WELL, WILDBOYS, MY
RADAR AND SUPER-
SENSES HAVE JUST
CHECKED YOU OUT!

AND YOUR SNEERING VOICES,
YOUR SWEAT AND STINK, YOUR
BULK, YOUR NASTY MANNERISMS,
YOUR EVERY SPINELESS MOVE
HAS JUST BEEN BURNED
INTO MY BRAIN.

I GOT YOU BRANDED-- I CAN
FIND YOU NO MATTER WHERE
YOU GO!

BUT FIRST,
I'VE GOT TO
HELP THE
HELPLESS.

DAREDEVIL!

DID YOU
SEE 'EM?!
DID YOU
SEE THOSE
GUYS?!

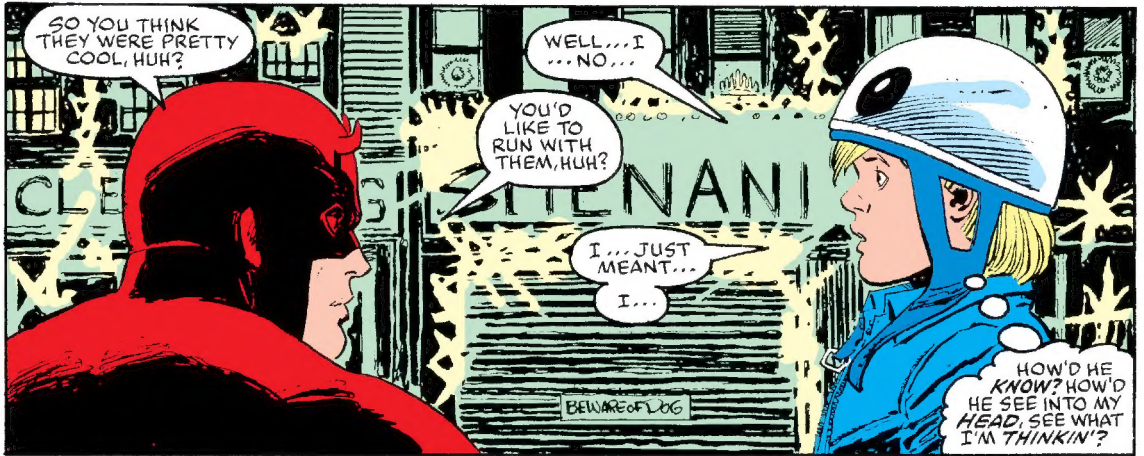
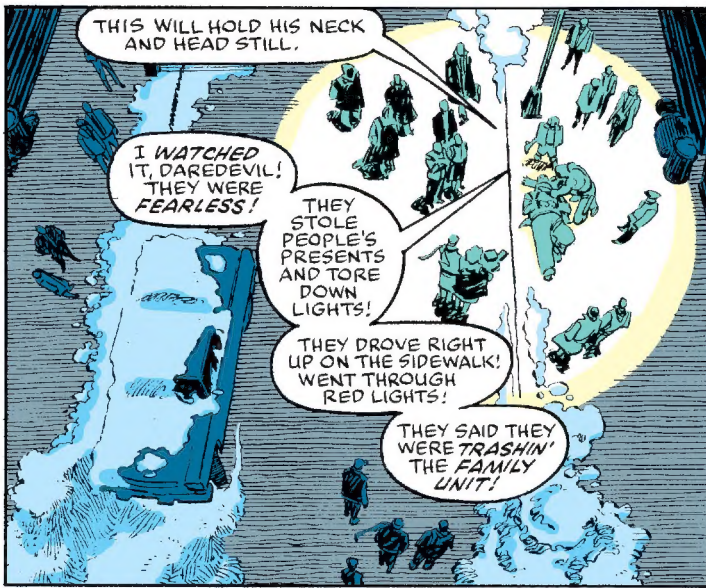
I'LL GET AN
AMBULANCE!

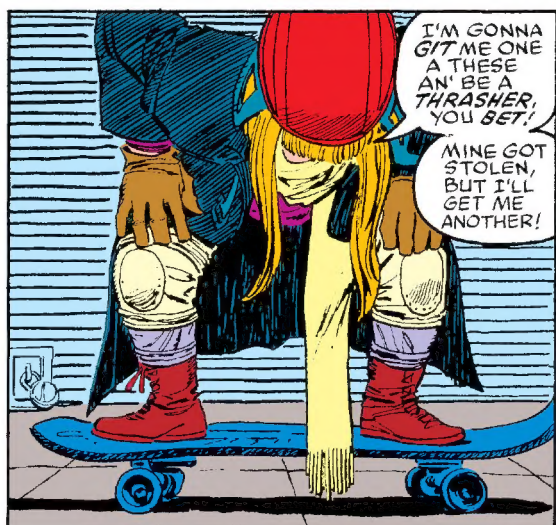
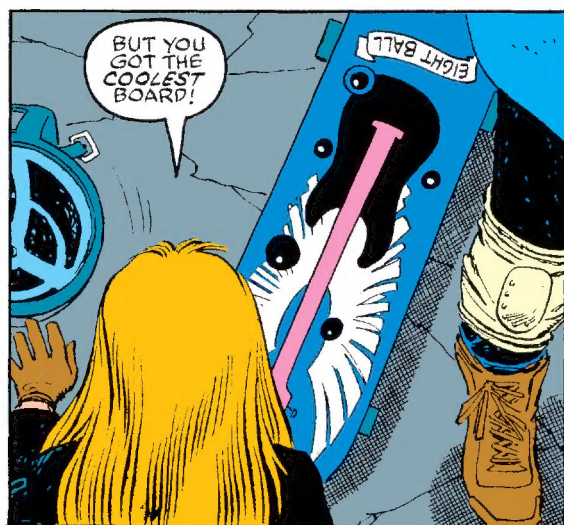
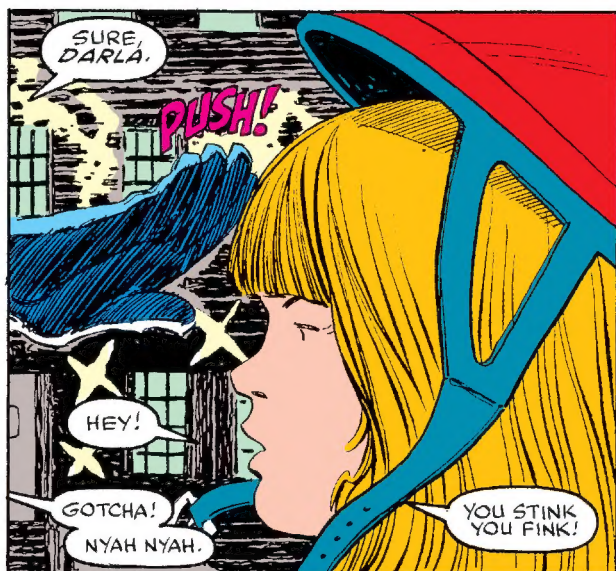
THWIP!

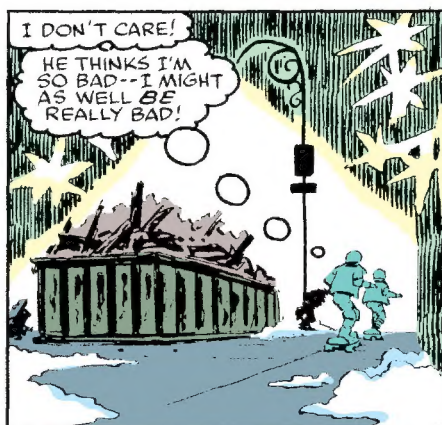
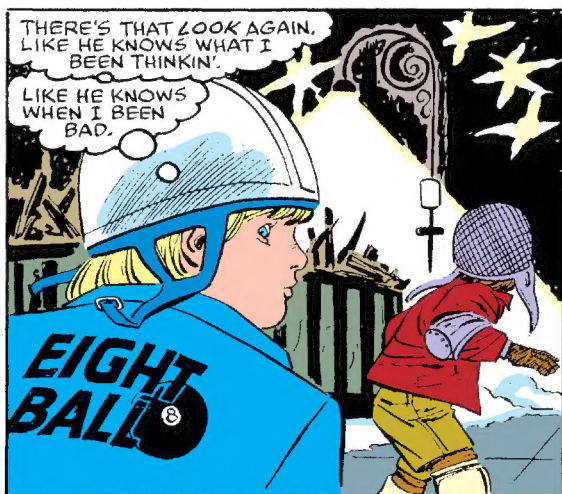
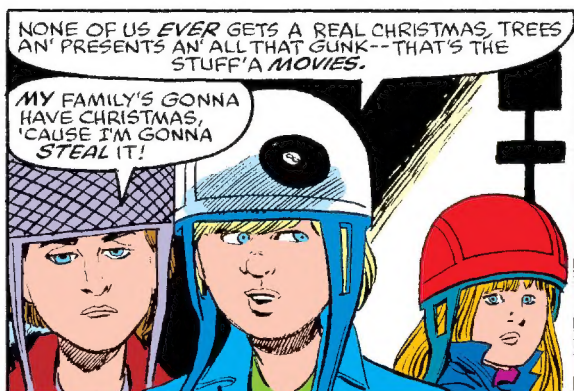
YES, EIGHTBALL.
AM I SUPPOSED TO
BE IMPRESSED?

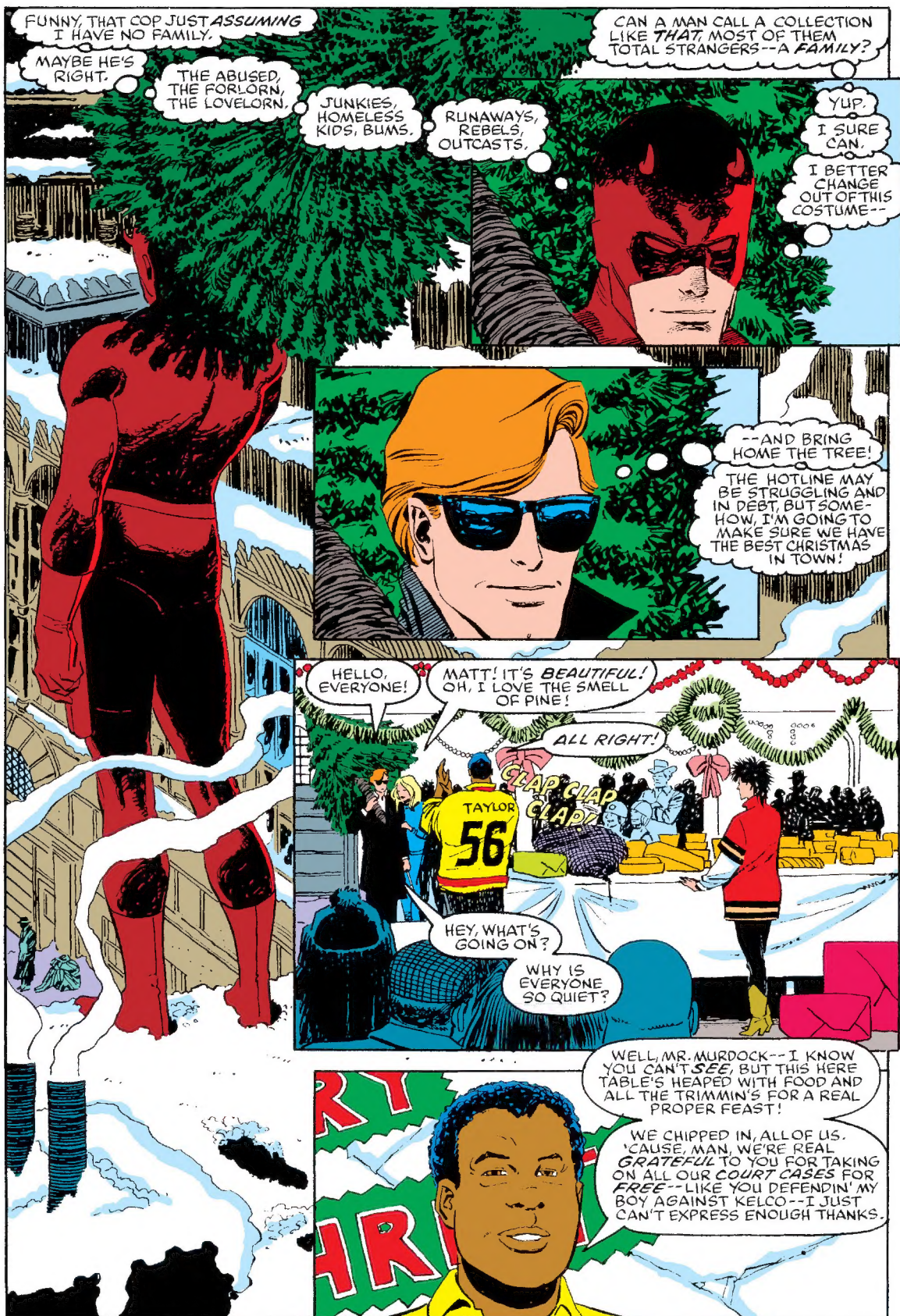
PULSE LOW,
BREATHING
SHALLOW. HE'S
IN SHOCK.

GIVE ME
YOUR SCARF,
QUICKLY!









FUNNY, THAT COP JUST *ASSUMING* I HAVE NO FAMILY.

MAYBE HE'S RIGHT.

THE ABUSED, THE FORLORN, THE LOVELORN.

JUNKIES, HOMELESS KIDS, BUMS.

RUNAWAYS, REBELS, OUTCASTS.

CAN A MAN CALL A COLLECTION LIKE *THAT*, MOST OF THEM TOTAL STRANGERS--A *FAMILY*?

YUP.

I SURE CAN.

I BETTER CHANGE OUT OF THIS COSTUME--

--AND BRING HOME THE TREE!

THE HOTLINE MAY BE STRUGGLING AND IN DEBT, BUT SOMEHOW, I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE WE HAVE THE BEST CHRISTMAS IN TOWN!

HELLO, EVERYONE!

MATT! IT'S BEAUTIFUL! OH, I LOVE THE SMELL OF PINE!

ALL RIGHT!

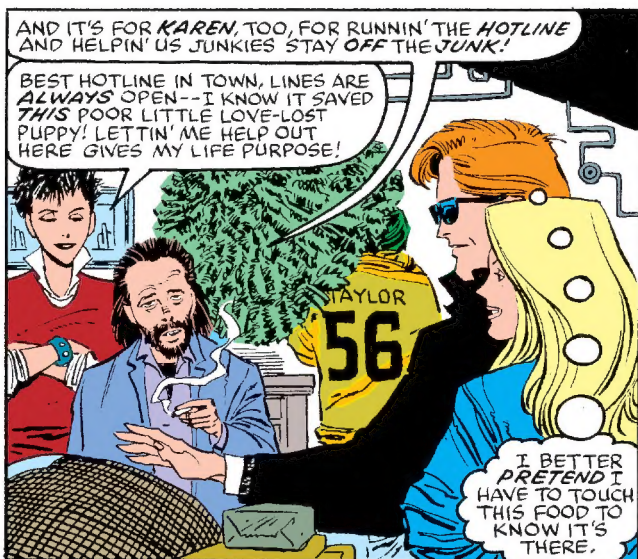
CLAP CLAP CLAP

HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON?

WHY IS EVERYONE SO QUIET?

WELL, MR. MURDOCK-- I KNOW YOU CAN'T *SEE*, BUT THIS HERE TABLE'S HEAPED WITH FOOD AND ALL THE TRIMMIN'S FOR A REAL PROPER FEAST!

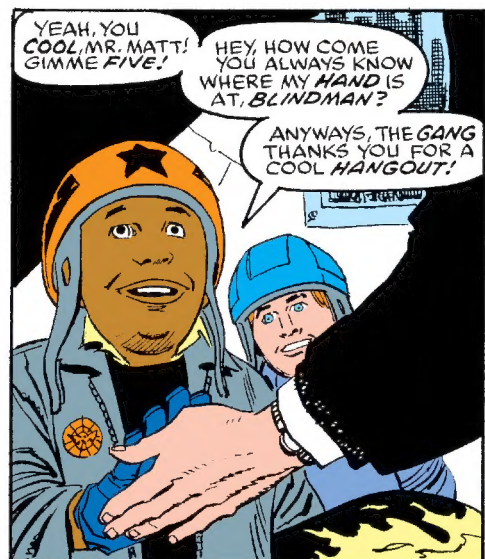
WE CHIPPED IN, ALLOF US. 'CAUSE MAN, YOU'RE REAL *GRATEFUL* TO YOU FOR TAKING ON ALL OUR COURT CASES FOR *FREE*-- LIKE YOU DEFENDIN' MY BOY AGAINST KELCO-- I JUST CAN'T EXPRESS ENOUGH THANKS.



AND IT'S FOR KAREN, TOO, FOR RUNNIN' THE HOTLINE AND HELPIN' US JUNKIES STAY OFF THE JUNK!

BEST HOTLINE IN TOWN, LINES ARE ALWAYS OPEN--I KNOW IT SAVED THIS POOR LITTLE LOVE-LOST PUPPY! LETTIN' ME HELP OUT HERE GIVES MY LIFE PURPOSE!

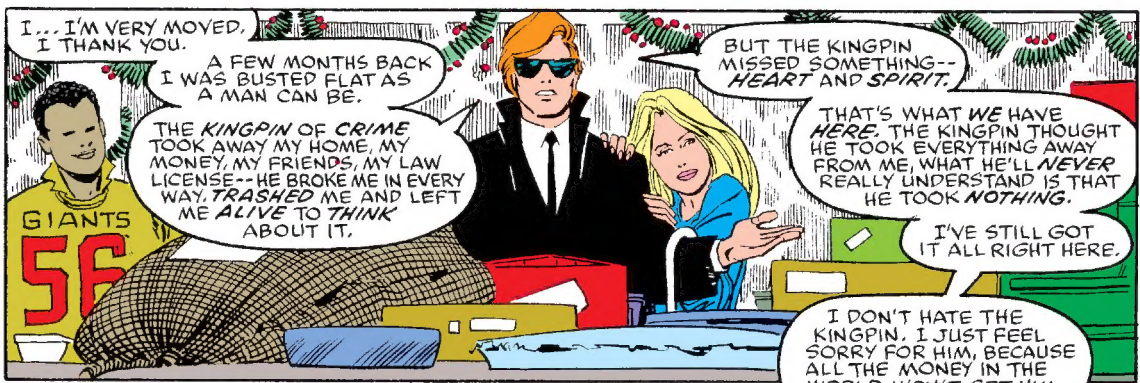
I BETTER PRETEND I HAVE TO TOUCH THIS FOOD TO KNOW IT'S THERE.



YEAH, YOU COOL, MR. MATT! GIMME FIVE!

HEY, HOW COME YOU ALWAYS KNOW WHERE MY HAND IS AT, BLINDMAN?

ANYWAYS, THE GANG THANKS YOU FOR A COOL HANGOUT!



I... I'M VERY MOVED, I THANK YOU.

A FEW MONTHS BACK I WAS BUSTED FLAT AS A MAN CAN BE.

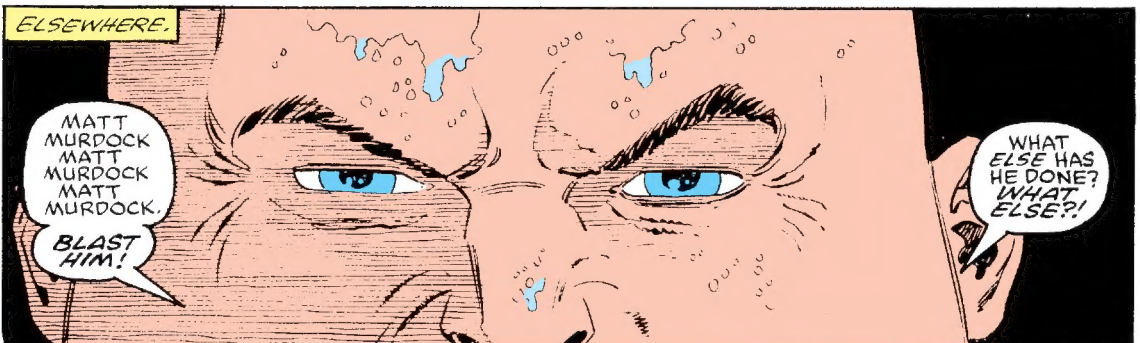
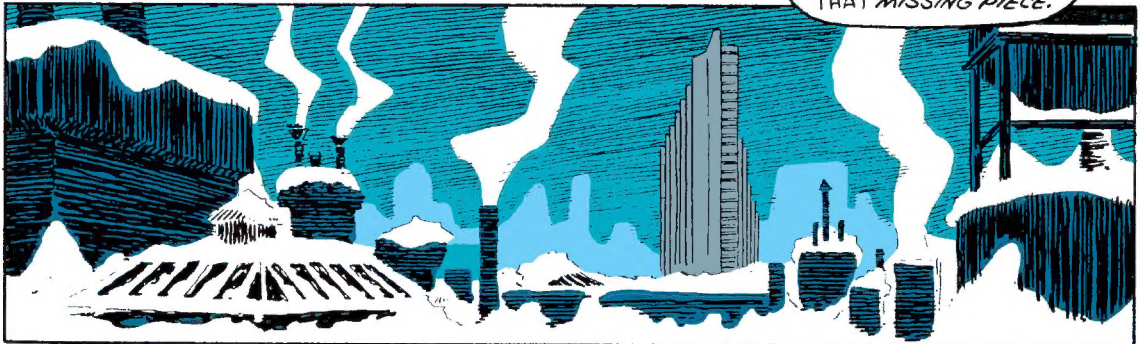
THE KINGPIN OF CRIME TOOK AWAY MY HOME, MY MONEY, MY FRIENDS, MY LAW LICENSE--HE BROKE ME IN EVERY WAY, TRASHED ME AND LEFT ME ALIVE TO THINK ABOUT IT.

BUT THE KINGPIN MISSED SOMETHING-- HEART AND SPIRIT.

THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE HERE. THE KINGPIN THOUGHT HE TOOK EVERYTHING AWAY FROM ME, WHAT HE'LL NEVER REALLY UNDERSTAND IS THAT HE TOOK NOTHING.

I'VE STILL GOT IT ALL RIGHT HERE.

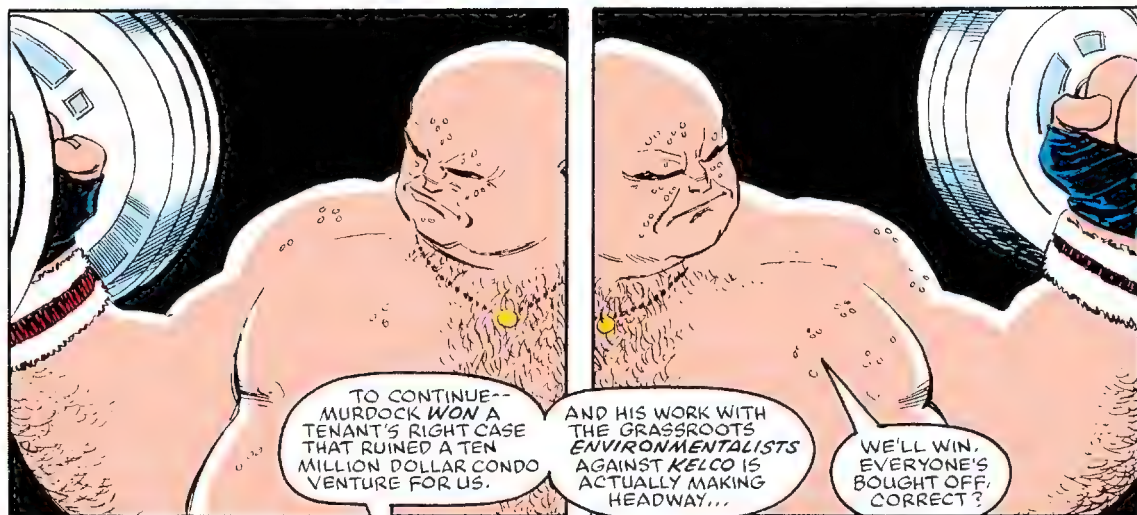
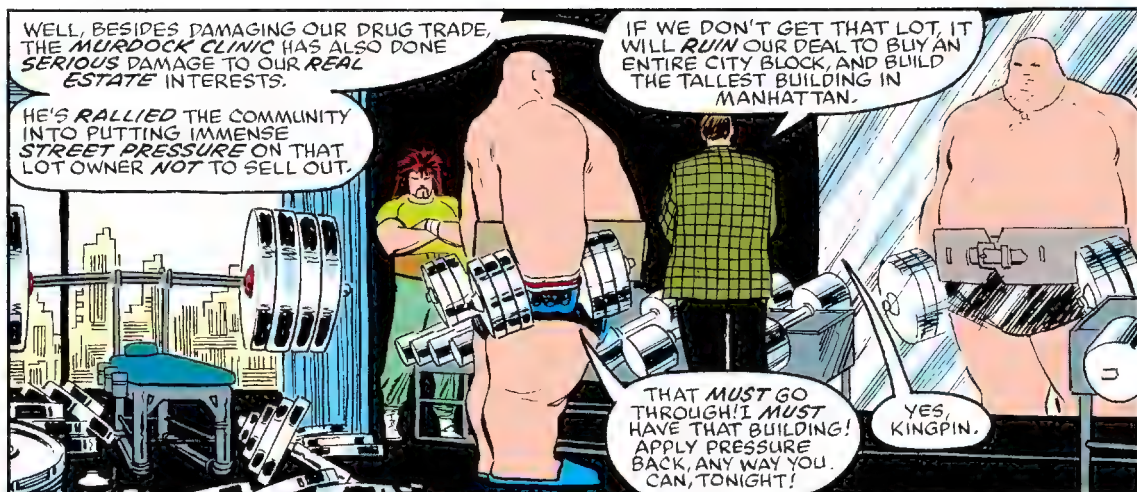
I DON'T HATE THE KINGPIN. I JUST FEEL SORRY FOR HIM, BECAUSE ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD WON'T GET HIM THAT MISSING PIECE.

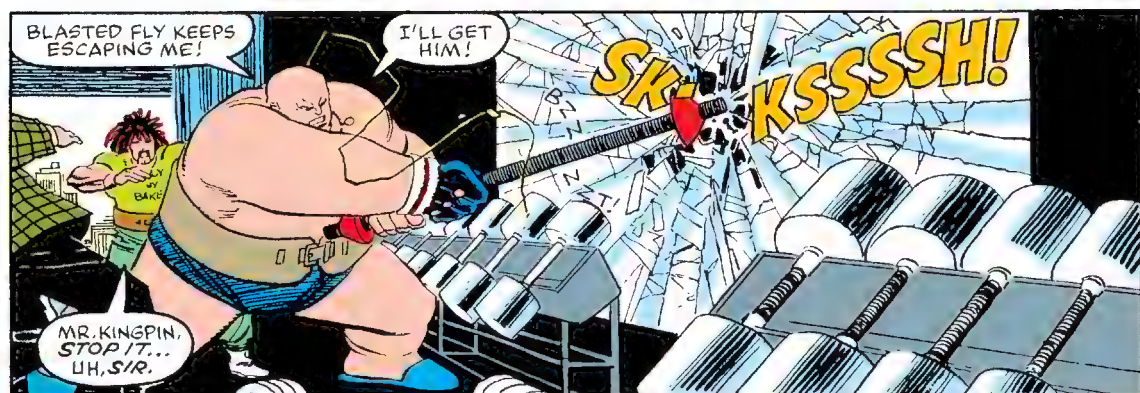
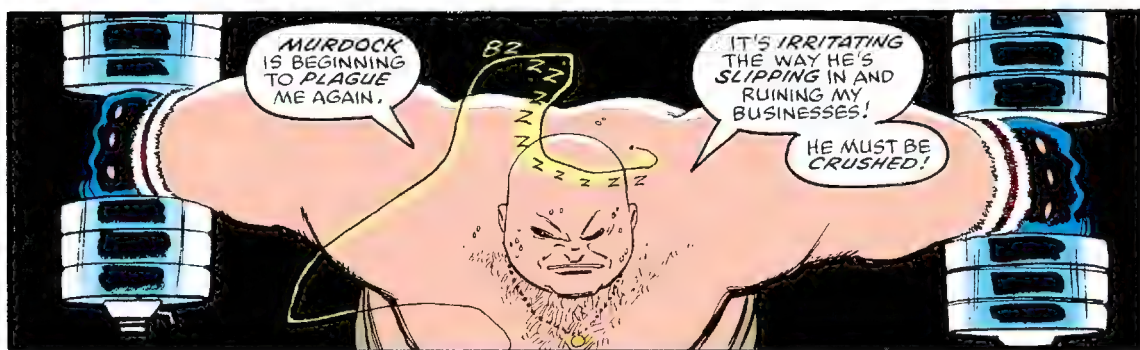


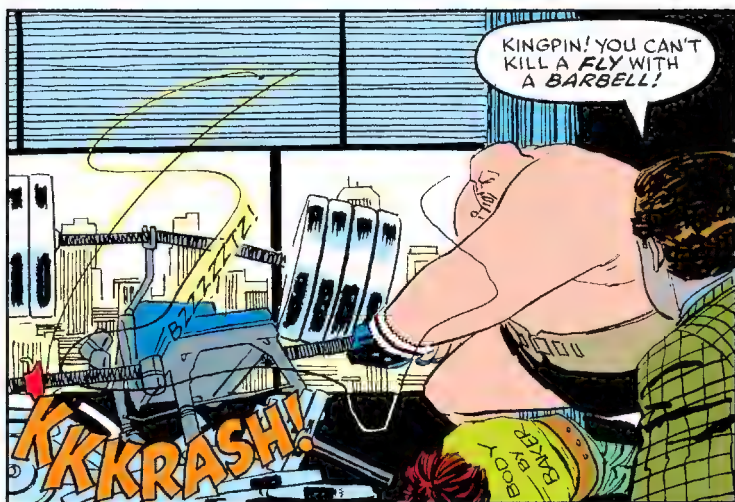
ELSEWHERE.

MATT MURDOCK MATT MURDOCK MATT MURDOCK. BLAST HIM!

WHAT ELSE HAS HE DONE? WHAT ELSE?!







KINGPIN! YOU CAN'T KILL A FLY WITH A BARBELL!



YES...YES, MAYBE...YES, THAT'S BEEN MY PROBLEM--*SUBTLETY*.

THERE MUST BE SOME SUBTLE WAY TO DESTROY MATT MURDOCK. PERHAPS I'VE GONE ABOUT IT ALL WRONG...



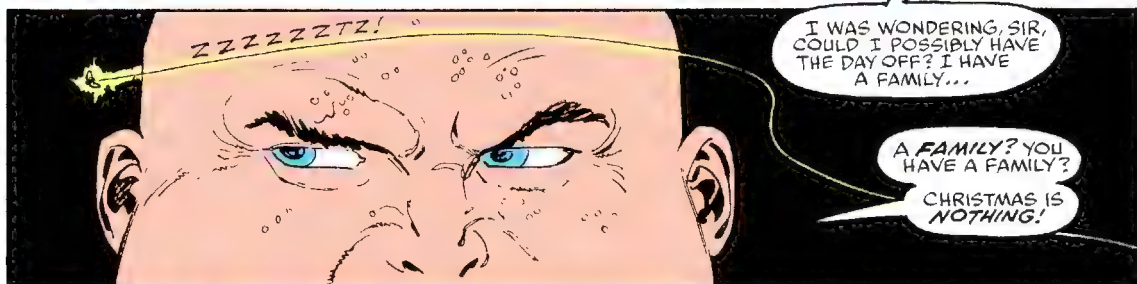
THIS IS WHAT YOU MUST DO TOMORROW...

UH, EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT TOMORROW IS CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS?

YES, SIR.

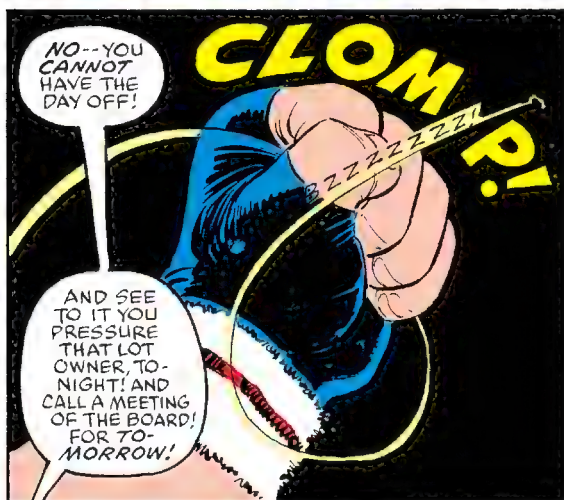
HUMPH. I HAD NO IDEA, HOW COULD I HAVE FORGOTTEN? NO MATTER, A USELESS WASTE OF A BUSINESS DAY.



I WAS WONDERING, SIR, COULD I POSSIBLY HAVE THE DAY OFF? I HAVE A FAMILY...

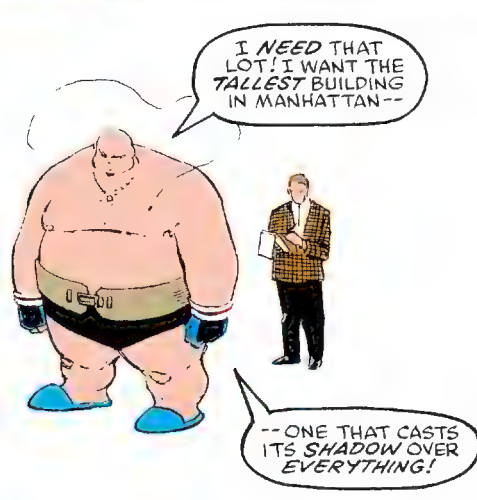
A FAMILY? YOU HAVE A FAMILY?

CHRISTMAS IS NOTHING!



NO--YOU CANNOT HAVE THE DAY OFF!

AND SEE TO IT YOU PRESSURE THAT LOT OWNER, TONIGHT! AND CALL A MEETING OF THE BOARD! FOR TOMORROW!



I NEED THAT LOT! I WANT THE TALLEST BUILDING IN MANHATTAN--

--ONE THAT CASTS ITS SHADOW OVER EVERYTHING!

